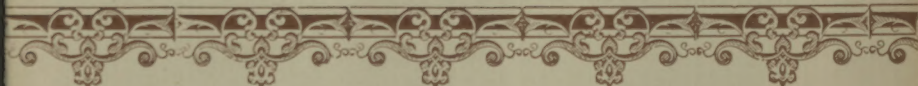


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No. 11.

Midsummer Term, 1921.



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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among
Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

No. 11. ONE SHILLING.

Midsummer Term, 1921.

Staff.

Editor: Edmund T. Jenkins.

Associate Editress:
Cynthia Cox.

Social Correspondent: Gladys Chester.

General Secretary: Russell E. Chester.

Contents.

	<i>Page</i>
Lullaby Claudia Lloyd	217
A Summer Story Frivolous-minded	218
A Ditty R. E. C.	221
Overheard during a Cornet Solo Judy	221
A Suggestion A Student	222
The Seven Ages of a Musician	224
Sonnet	224
Union Makes Strength R. E. C.	225
"?" Judy	225
My Literary Career F.	226
Blackberry Triolets R. E. C.	226

Departments.

Editorial	215
Social Notes	223
Guess!	228

Back Numbers obtainable from the Secretary.

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The Academite.

Editorial.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE "ACADEMITE."

HE *Academite* is faced with a big problem—that of finding new Editors and other supporters. It has survived many black periods and two or three set-backs. It has pursued the very uneven tenor of its way now for four years, and managed to produce a number in every term but one. Its pages have dwindled a little since the first number, and its price has increased from sixpence to double that sum, but it has at least kept its head out of water—and both paid its way and scraped up sufficient matter to fill a fair number of pages. And now is it to sink at last? Are the efforts of its pioneers to be wasted after all? Let us hope not, but the situation is certainly grave.

Feeling as we do, therefore, that we are standing on the threshold of we know not what griefs or glories, our thoughts instinctively turn back over the path the *Academite* has so far trod. Perhaps a brief description of this might not be without interest for some of our present readers, by no means all of whom were studying at the R.A.M. in those "high and far-off times" when Edmund T. Jenkins founded *The Academite*.

That term—Michaelmas, 1917—was the beginning of an *annus mirabilis* in R.A.M. history. It was a time of fervent enthusiasm among a certain set of prominent students—enthusiasm for the moral and spiritual progress of the Academy. The war-cry was *esprit de corps*, and in all sorts of ways did the zealots seek to improve the social spirit in the Academy, to bring students together, to unite cliques, and to make individuals feel they were not isolated units, but parts of a whole, immeasurably bigger than themselves. That term saw the foundation of the Debating Society and the *Academite*; it saw the R.A.M. Club (Branch B.) spring into new and vivid life; while the great "Term Tea"—when about 130 students were entertained down in the gaily decorated refreshment room, and pledged all the new schemes in weak tea—was a fitting crown to a glorious term.

To return to the *Academite*, Jenkins chose eleven students to help him, most of whom were, or appeared to be, as keen as himself to make the venture a success. A "Constitution" was drawn up, two secretaries appointed, a vast minute-book purchased; meetings were frequently held, and altogether everyone entered into the scheme in the most business-like spirit—

How far away all that excitement seems now! The "Constitution" died a natural death, the "staff meetings" resolved themselves into hasty conversations between perhaps two or three of the chief members; the staff itself gradually dwindled to four; the "Recording Secretary" ceased to record because there were no meetings (when there were, she invariably "had a lesson"); the "reporters" never reported; the "correspondents" seldom, if ever, corresponded. But the *Academite* lived, nevertheless, proving once more that though democratic government *sounds* well, it is an energetic bureaucracy that gets things done.

The first number was a leap in the dark, so only two hundred copies were ordered. The surprised and delighted promoters, however, found that these sold "like hot cakes," but though they managed to secure another 50 copies, the printers had already broken up the type when they made a third application.

This was the first phase we passed through: the *Academite* as a novelty was a roaring success. Everyone knew, however, that the second number would be the test by which the venture would be impartially judged, and our fate hung in the balance. . . . Number two came out at the end of the Spring Term. We remember it well: its cover printing was blue, and somehow that alone seemed less sanguine than the red of Number one. At any rate, it was a disappointment. Students criticised it on the varied grounds of "too light," "too heavy," "dull," "too brainy," "silly," etc.; the staff told each other it was badly proportioned; all shook their heads gloomily and said, "Not half so good as the first number." And yet there were some excellent things in it: a poem by ourself we distinctly remember. . . . !

The third number—the Summer Term's—appeared in a sunny green-printed cover, and, whether for that reason or another, everyone (as far as everyone ever is of the same opinion about our productions) was satisfied.

We have no space to describe the details of the career of the paper after that: the struggles with both contributors and printers to get the number "out" before the last week of term (which, incidentally, we have only done twice); the never-ceasing strain of inducing people to write; the stormy times when all the staff were quarrelling among themselves on "questions of principle" remote from facts; the recalcitrance of some of the old staff and the constant "whipping" necessary from the keener members; the consternation when the entire contents of a number were lost in the post and had to be entirely re-written; the black period when we came down financially on three successive numbers, and were nearly swamped; the ever-increasing printer's bill (as prices went up and up during and after the war), and the reviling that met the corresponding increase of price and decrease of size of the magazine—all these things can only be hinted at, and passed by.

Viewing with growing concern the extremely precarious state of the *Academite* finances, the promoters tried to raise a reserve fund in various ways. One was the "Professorial Cards," which were dropped partly on account of the labour involved in collecting for them, but mainly because they were practically nothing but a very thinly-disguised charitable gift on the part of the professors, which the *Academite* did not feel justified in asking year after year.

The other way was a sort of shareholding scheme, that is, "shareholders" paid an annual subscription of five shillings, which included, besides the three numbers (ninepence each) admission to the "Terminal General Staff Meeting" (save the mark!) and the *Academy* social functions. These "social functions" were also a scheme to raise money, admission being charged to non-shareholders. The whole scheme was eventually dropped, partly because of the difficulty, with our ever-dwindling staff, of any kind of organisation, and partly because the shareholders felt their annual subscription to be more in the nature of good charity than good business. However, by these various means some small amount was raised which stood us in good stead when three successive numbers failed to pay their way. Our financial position at present is much the same as usual—that is to say, we have a small (all too small) balance in hand which would barely pull us through if the present number failed.

Of the original twelve, only four faithful members remain. The rest, and others who replaced them, have gone their various ways: some worked for the magazine until they left, others found that increasing pressure of other duties made it impossible to spare time for the *Academy*, while some just gradually fell away through no other cause but lack of interest. And this term sees the necessary but unwelcome termination of office of two of those "faithful four." Who is going to carry on their work?

Two of the present staff bear the distinction of having contributed to every number since the first; the third has, we believe, *only missed one*.

Looking back over our past struggles and our original hopes and ideals, we cannot but believe that in some small degree the *Academy* has fulfilled its purpose, which was to unite R.A.M. students, and with the present increase in our numbers we feel that it is more needed than ever to weld the hundreds of separate members into one solid whole. The difficulties ever before us are firstly the question of time, which it is so difficult for busy people to give, and secondly that of matter. There will always, we hope, be one or two keen enough to supply the first, and it is up to the R.A.M. students as a whole to see that a steady if small stream of contributions flows in to the Editorial Staff. We are very fond of our little journal, with all its shortcomings, and those who are reluctantly relinquishing their hold upon it very anxiously ask you, the future guardians, to treat the charge we leave you kindly.

Lullaby.

To bed, to bed,
Curly head;
Close those wistful eyes—
And while you sleep
Angels peep,
Kiss you, make you wise.

Sleep on, sleep on,
Tiny one;
Dream of golden days;
And while you dream
Little moonbeam
Sends you silver rays.

CLAUDIA LLOYD.

A Summer Story.



IS name was Bruce, and he had crisp curly hair (chestnut), a strong chin and a firm mouth whose pleasant smile revealed regular white teeth; his eyes were steel blue, though not hard, his forehead high enough to be intelligent without being aggressively intellectual; and his name was Bruce Atherton, and he cursed the day he was born.

She was dark, petite, with wavy hair, whose irrepressible little curls made a soft frame for her small oval face. She had grey eyes with long lashes, a creamy complexion with a delicate colour in her cheeks, a piquant little mouth, adorably tiny pink ears, and a white neck, on which her head was exquisitely poised. *Her* name was Betty Stanley, and she was, when this story begins, stamping an angry little foot on the floor, and—metaphorically—tearing her hair.

She and Bruce had not yet met, but their paths were destined shortly to cross. You must have met them both many times, oh reader, if you are so frivolously inclined as to glance at a magazine now and then—he, the perfect type of magazine hero to whom the word “well-groomed” is invariably applied; she the no less perfect type of heroine with whom the well-groomed hero is inevitably matched. And there lay their trouble—they were too perfect: so much identified were they with the ubiquitous magazine pair that their own individualities were completely overlooked. Bruce knew that when a new story came out in the *Royal* or any of its fellows, he would be narrowly and furtively watched by many a romantic reader, and the girls of his acquaintance would insist on pointing out to him his strange resemblance to the illustrations; while as for Betty, so many artists had asked to be allowed to draw, paint, pastel, or even photograph her for illustration purposes, and she had been compared by her friends with so many of her prototypes that she was sick of magazines and artists alike, while letters, such as she had just received, from unknown admirers asking if she were really “Pamela” in the *Windsor* or “Joan” in some other periodical, and whether she was so-and-so’s model, caused her, as I have said, to stamp her foot with rage.

Things were getting past endurance with both of them. Finally a particularly exasperating incident drove Bruce to a desperate resolution: he would go away to some remote corner by the sea, and he would *grow a beard*—yes, and whiskers too—and let his hair get long until with brilliantine (bottles and bottles he would use, he promised himself, of the most offensive kind) he could induce it to go straight. Yes, that was the only thing to do—to seek some retired spot where the aborigines had never seen a magazine, and there completely change his appearance. In his desperation he even considered the question of staining his fatally resplendent teeth, gloomily resolving to chew tobacco all day long (a practice he loathed).

The following week, then, saw a well-built young man of a curiously stubbly appearance, smoking a pipe on the beach at Seascape, a tiny village on the North Devonshire coast. Curiously enough, another “foreigner” had selected the hamlet of Seascape for a quiet holiday. Bruce was, in fact, idly watching her as she picked her way about the low rocks exposed by the tide. She presented a strange appearance; her hair seemed to be strained tightly back from her face and bundled into the smallest possible compass somewhere underneath the absurd little hat she was wearing; her feet were encased

in some sloppy black sandshoes, but the bare legs, he could see, were shapely (Bruce was haunted by those slim pink ankles that night); her clothes were of a hideousness that baffled description. He wondered lazily who and what she was—some servant-girl probably, yet those little ankles were somehow at variance with the extraordinary clothes she was wearing. She left the beach by another path, and he did not catch sight of her face.

He caught two or three glimpses of her after that without really getting a view of her: once he saw her lying on the sand, with a pair of shapely arms exposed to the burning sun, but he was quite unreasonably annoyed that her ridiculously long skirt came right down to the black sand-shoes. It was a day or two after that they met in the sea—he, still determined to play his part thoroughly, wearing a really painful striped affair in black and yellow, and she a cumbersome thing with a voluminous skirt. An adventure with a crab threw them into conversation, and he was surprised to find her speech that of an educated as well as a charming woman. Still more did he puzzle over her identity: the voice and the ankles matched (he saw she had small feet too)—but why, then, the hair and the clothes? That she could possibly be staying at Seascapes for the same reason as himself naturally never entered his head, any more than Betty could find any solution of the status and normal occupation of the extraordinary man who spoke like a gentleman and looked like a cross between a grocer's assistant and a tramp, the fragrance of whose brilliantine not even the sea could overcome.

The day after the sea episode, Bruce was walking along the cliffs when the sound of a familiar voice caught his ear; and peering over a ledge, he discovered the "mystery maiden," as he had named her, seated comfortably in the shade of an overhanging piece of shale surveying herself in a pocket mirror. The loathsome hat lay beside her, and some little curls that had strayed formed the theme of her conversation.

"I am afraid you'll have to go, my dears," said Betty, "although I shall be sorry to lose you. Still, you *won't* behave, you know—you're always breaking out. H'm—my nose is getting quite pink, but this brown is not half so unbecoming as I had hoped it might be. But you little beasts spoil everything, so good-bye."

Here Bruce perceived, to his horror, that she held a pair of nail-scissors, which she now raised to those adorable little curls. This was too much for flesh and blood to endure, and he cried out hastily: "Don't, please—you mustn't do that, really—"

Betty looked up with a start, and perceived Bruce, who was now almost terrifyingly hirsute, looking down at her. Before she could protest he was pouring out his apologies, and somehow—Betty was never quite sure how it happened—the next minute he was seated on the ground beside her, and they were chattering away like old friends.

"But why," Bruce was saying, "why should you want to cut them? I think they're perfect—you wouldn't—you don't—look half so nice without them—I mean—well, they're just *you*, somehow."

"Well, you see—I'm sick of them and everything else."

Bruce was shocked: such a lovely creature surely could not be tired of life—horrible visions of those scissors being used for another purpose crossed his mind, and he caught hold of her hand quite anxiously as he said—"But why—what are you sick of?"

"I'll tell you," she said, "if you'll promise not to tell a soul. It sounds funny, I know, but it's simply tragic really, and you mustn't dare to laugh. The thing is, I'm just the type of girl you see on every single magazine cover and in nearly all the stories—I mean, I'm just like them in appearance, so everybody thinks I must be the same in myself. And I *hate* magazine girls, and wouldn't be the same vapid sort of fool" (Betty was getting excited over her woes) "for hundreds and thousands of pounds. And they all want to draw me and paint me, and I won't be drawn and painted. And I got so sick of it all that I collected these ghastly garments and thought I'd come down here and try and spoil my skin and make my hair go straight and be generally as hideous as I could. Now, don't laugh, but tell me why you've given up shaving."

"But it's for the same reason," cried Bruce, pouring out his tale in return. "And I've even got the magazine name too," he concluded, "curses on the ass that suggested it to my people. Who ever heard of a decent man called Bruce?"

"I'm just as bad," said Betty; "what are all the heroines called?"

"Oh—all sorts of things—fancy names like Myrtle or Alethea very often, or Pamela or Joan or Betty—mostly Betty, perhaps."

"There you are—I'm Betty. I've besought my friends to call me Elizabeth, but they won't. I came down here and gave my name at the farm where I'm staying as Sarah—that's my second name."

"Sarah—may I call you that? My other name is Thomas—"

"Yes, do. But I don't think we ought to be friends—it would be too absurd."

"Oh, while we're here and hideous, surely we can—only you couldn't possibly make yourself hideous, Sarah."

"You're very depressing, Thomas."

"Not a bit: no one with any discernment could possibly liken you to the magazine girl, because, as you put it with feeling just now, she is a vapid fool, and looks it. Her face is a mask and her smile is a simper, while you—did you know you'd got perfectly wonderful eyes?"

"Oh, please don't go the way of all flesh like that."

"I'm not talking about their size and that sort of thing—it's the expression in them. Good Lord, Sarah, short story heroines don't look like that."

"Oh, Thomas, do you really think so?"

"By Jove—I should think I do."

"Now I'll tell you something. If you grew a little wee moustache—without all this horrible beardy-whiskeriness—you'd be as safe as a house—and I think you'd look rather nice."

"No, do you really? I loathe beards, as a matter of fact, and if you don't think it's necessary—I'll shave as soon as I get in. Are you staying here long?"

* * * * *

Of course, the end was inevitable. Betty put up a stout resistance, but it was of no use—she was obliged to yield in the end. People would and did call them a perfectly-matched couple, and continue to liken them to the couples in their favourite fiction, but Bruce and Betty, buoyed up by each other's assurances, could afford to smile in a superior way and tell each other how extraordinarily superficial most people's perception was.

And so they married and lived happily ever after, and that's the end of that story.

"FRIVOLOUS-MINDED."

A Ditty.

The world is young and fresh as early spring
 Since I met Kitty.
 The Golden Age again to earth has come
 Since I met Kitty.
 She smiled; the sun looked down to see,
 Grew soft and warm and flushed my brow,
 She laughed; the birds joined in her glee
 With joyous trill from bush and bough.
 For me.
 The world is young and fresh as early spring
 Since I met Kitty.
 The Golden Age again to earth has come
 Since I met Kitty.
 But then a frost, with blighting breath, steals o'er
 My dreamy city.
 And dreary winter chills the hopes that soar
 Since I met Kitty.
 She frowns; the sunlight pales for me,
 Glad songs are hushed to stillness round,
 And here, where my light heart should be
 Remembrance tears an aching wound.
 And see!
 The world is old and wan as 'fore the spring
 When I met Kitty!
 The Dusk of Gods again to earth has come
 Since I've lost Kitty.
 But can her proud disdain thus grieve and sting
 Me without pity?
 She'll smile forgiveness soon and comfort bring,
 Or 'twere not Kitty.
 Away with sorrow's livery,
 There's winter sunshine through the rain;
 Forget the blight and dream care-free,
 Of happiness, for soon again
 'Twill be,
 A world as young and fresh as early spring
 Since I've met Kitty.
 A Golden Age again on earth—I'll sing,
 Since I've met Kitty.

R. E. C.

Overheard during a Cornet Solo.

What's inside that trumpet,
 It makes such a noise!
 That man only blows it,
 Like I do my toys.
 Guess if I'd a big 'un,
 An' I blew all day,
 Mum and Dad 'ud scold *me*,
 Nurse says she'd grow grey!
 Wouldn't Nurse look *funny*
 Wiv her face that way?
 Guess I'd like to see her—
 P'raps I shall some day.
 If I change my colour,
 I'll be red—an' green—
 An' blue, an' mauve, an' orange,
 Wiv black spots in between.

"JUDY."

A Suggestion.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMITE.

DEAR SIR,—

May I beg the courtesy of your columns to make a suggestion to the students of the R.A.M. with regard to the coming centenary of the Academy.

As every student knows (or should know), the Academy was founded in 1822, so that next year we shall be celebrating our centenary with great rejoicing, in a worthy fashion. Now, it seems to me (perhaps I may be wrong) that every present Academy student will be feeling, when the time comes, that although they are gladly taking part in the big organised celebrations, they would like also to do their own little private and personal "bit" in the matter. We all owe a big debt to the Academy and to those whose enterprise and perseverance founded it in those dark days of 1822: it has done much for us, and here is our chance to do something in return. The scheme I propose is a very simple one, and, I think, should be feasible, if accepted. It is this: that every student at present in the R.A.M. should make a small gift to the *Library*, either by presenting some work themselves, or by uniting with other students in the gift of a more expensive work, or by giving something to a Library fund. The Library is one of our most valuable possessions; and it is in some respects a noble one, but it is still dreadfully deficient even in classical works, while any library resembles the daughter of the horse-leech in crying continually, "Give, give"—*modern* works. We need, perhaps, more than anything, Full Scores; there are very few duplicate scores in the Library, and since the new arrangement has been found necessary by which students are not allowed to have the scores of the orchestral library, there is practically nothing beyond some of the Beethoven Symphonies that the student can get at. Then piano solo, duet, and two-piano arrangements of orchestral and chamber-works are very badly needed—we can hardly have too many of these. Finally, modern and not-quite-modern works of all kinds are sadly lacking.

A committee of responsible students could be formed, strengthened with one or two members of the Professorial Staff, who would surely be only too glad to give their help and advice. This committee could both organise the fund and the spending of it, or give and receive suggestions to and from those who preferred to make their offering in kind rather than in money.

There are several hundred students in the R.A.M. at present, and most, if not all, would probably fall in with the suggestion. The main thing required is the responsible committee, and that, I think, could be found if one or two energetic people would take the initiative. The scheme would take some time to work out, and it should, therefore, if it is to be carried out, be begun soon. Perhaps some *Academite* readers would communicate their views in the next number?

Thanking you for the space you have allowed me,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

A STUDENT.

SOCIAL



NOTES.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie gave two lectures on "Beethoven" at the Royal Institution on June 2nd and 9th.

Another very successful R.A.M. Club Meeting took place on June 4th. The programme included some unaccompanied Russian music sung by the R.A.M. Choir, Mr. B. J. Dale's Phantasy for Viola and Piano, played by the Misses Dorothy Chalmers and Hilda Dederich, a dance by Miss Gwendolyn Russell, and "The Bathroom Door," performed by members of the Dramatic Class. There was the largest attendance on record.

Congratulations to Miss Cynthia Cox, who has been appointed a professor of harmony at the R.A.M.

Performances of "The Merchant of Venice" took place in the Duke's Hall on June 9th and 10th.

Messrs. Foster Richardson and Frederick Blamey, who have been collaborating in operatic duets, have left for a six months' tour in South Africa and India.

Several R.A.M. students who competed in the last South London Musical Festival, at Central Hall, Westminster, were successful in winning first prizes.

The Warriors' Day concert, organised by the Misses Maude Thompson and Mary Ramsey, realised £105 for Lord Haig's Fund.

Mr. Horatio Davies' Choir was awarded first prize in the Eisteddfodd at the People's Palace in April, and Mr. Davies, as conductor, received a handsome silver cup.

Recent recital givers include the Misses Joyce Ansell, Isa Archibald, Sidney Camac, Mary Ramsey, E. Lindsay, Alison Dalrymple, Isabel Gray, Yvonne Morris, Margaret Portch, Elsie Betts, and Messrs. Egerton Tidmarsh and Vivian Langrish.

On March 18th members of most colleges and schools affiliated to London University met and passed the constitution of the "London University Union." Miss Isobel McLaren and Mr. Russell Chester represented the R.A.M. The object of the Union is to draw into closer contact the very widespread and scattered social activities of London University; to foster a spirit of loyalty to the University which will embrace, but not interfere with, enthusiasm for one's own college. The Union will have club premises in Bloomsbury, which, it is hoped, will be a centre of student life. Debates and lectures will be held there, and a large library accumulated. R.A.M. students are eligible for membership. The entrance fee is half a guinea, and the subscription one guinea per annum.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the death from blood-poisoning of Mr. Patrick Carphin. He left the R.A.M. only last July, to live in Edinburgh. There he had organised a choir, which won first prize in a recent competition, although at the time Mr. Carphin was too ill to conduct.

* * * * *

A large number of our students will be leaving the R.A.M. for good this term, and while they are still with us, I should like to say how much we would appreciate hearing of their movements, whether in concert work, teaching, or touring. An occasional postcard addressed to the *Academy* would keep us all in touch. Present students ought also to keep us informed of their activities.

* * * * *

GLADYS CHESTER.

The Seven Ages of a Musician.

All the R.A.M.'s a stage,
And all its men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
Each student in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the tyro
Anxious to pass the entrance examination,
Then the New-Student, care of Mrs. Russell,
Meeting his professors, and deducing
Much from their looks! Next scene—the day when,
Sighing like furnace, he must play his first concerto,
Unwillingly, of course. Then he plays
A solo at a Fortnightly, the while
His teeth are chattering, and his hands refuse
To do what he desires them; but he gains
Th' applause of sympathetic friends. And then
His stern professor bids him to repeat
That solo at th' approaching Chamber Concert;
And once again he bows before an audience,
Acquits him well, and makes his exit, followed
By applause well-earned. The sixth age shifts
Into a Queen's Hall soloist, no longer scared
At sight of crowds, who, breathless, listen while
From his violin, his best-beloved, he coaxes
Sounds of wondrous beauty. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history—
The Old-Student—full-fledged artist—
An ending sans only immortality.

Sonnet.

Though Fate has willed that we must live apart,
And that dear intimate communion
Of man and wife, when spirit, mind and heart
Are wedded into one fair union,
May not be ours to joy in and to praise,
Not ours, this thrice-distilled perfect sweetness,
Yet we will not forget some happy days,
Although our bliss attains not that completeness.
Be ours a purer flame of love to guard,
Because a rarer, a more-prized treasure:
Let not our seldom meetings e'er be marred
By aught unworthy of our love's great measure.
So may we meet in life beyond this life,
And dare to claim—thou, husband, and I, wife.

Union Makes Strength.

The effort to unite the many student activities has occasioned much controversy in the past. From this we have learned that individual endeavour is all-important, that committees and committee meetings are useless, that the person who sells one *Academite*, who turns out to cheer at a cricket or hockey match, in a word, who *does* something, however small, is verily more blessed than him or her who evinces much interest, talks much, acquiesces in everything, but who neglects to perform any duties undertaken.

The three terms leading up to the Centenary next July should be great ones in student life. Now is the time for mutual help among the Clubs. Can't the *Academite* help the Hockey, Cricket or Football Clubs by chronicling their doings? We want to, we will. But let these Clubs assist by sending us news of their activities. With a little help the *Academite* could be made much more "newsy" without becoming impertinent. And students in general could send in so many tit-bits: Social Notes, Guess Who's, Memoranda, etc. Don't be shy. We are all (very obviously, we have heard say) amateurs. Pity the poor editors, and remember that many hands make light . . . reading, and two (or more) heads are better than one, even if the editors are . . . [Editor: Soft, prithee, hast ne'er heard ye tale anent ye glass houses?]

R. E. C.

“?”

O Students, young and strong,
Decrepit, slow, or spry,
Ye ever-changing throng
Of sub-professing fry,
Ye staff of eagle eye,
If aught you want, I ween,
Don't search both low and high:—
Ask Hallett, Cocks, or Green.

If anything goes wrong,
What is our usual cry?
It doesn't take us long
An easy way to try;
No need to sit and sigh,
Or gnash our teeth with spleen,
But quickly do we fly
To Hallett, Cocks, or Green!

And, now let us apply
The MORAL, plainly seen,
And next time we pass by,
Thank Hallett, Cocks, and Green.

“JUDY.”

My Literary Career.

I tried to write a sonnet once, to send a certain Magazine,
And thought when done it was as fine a poem as one could have seen.

I chose the English Sonnet form (it doesn't need so many rhymes),
The couplet rather tied me up—I had to change it heaps of times.

However, all went well at last—there lay my work of Art complete,
The theme I'd used was "hopeless love"—my lady friends pronounced
it "Sweet."

It had a sort of yearning note—I'm sure you know the kind of thing—
And similes on every side were scattered thick as buds in Spring.

I posted it with trembling hand, my heart a-flutter like a bird—
In three days' time the thing came home, and with it just the caustic
word:

"*Too sentimental*"—this to me, who'd worked so hard, with so much
art,

"This was the most unkindest cut of all"—it nearly broke my heart.

I tore it up with rage and tears, and vowed the flippant world should see
My soul no more (my brother said that this was really kind of me).

For souls there are—of this I'm sure (another poet's said it too)—
Whose grain's too fine for such a world as this that we must journey
through,

Whose nobler thoughts are only scorned by fellow-men of common clay,
And I—I feel it in my heart—I, too, am of such stuff as they.

So henceforth I'm for ever dumb—the mocking world shall never know
The thoughts that might have fired its soul—ay, silent to the tomb I go.

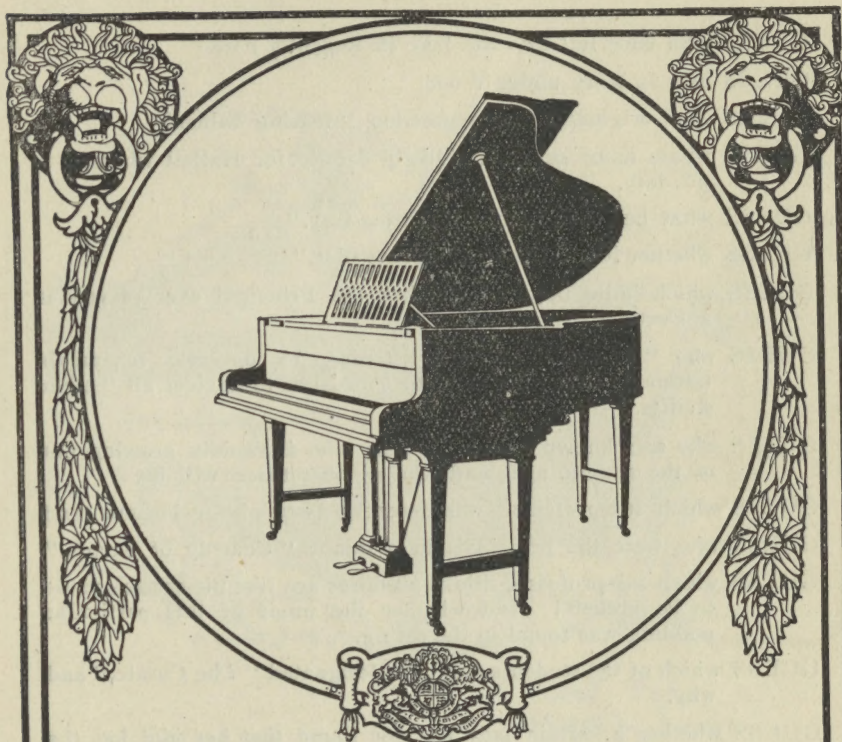
F.

Blackberry Triolets.

Blackberries, blackberries, mostly red,
Guarded by prickles and hungry flies!
How tender fingers and shins have bled
For blackberries, blackberries mostly red!
At night-time, when we're snug in bed,
Still dance before our tight-shut eyes
Blackberries, blackberries, mostly red,
Guarded by prickles and hungry flies.

Wee Patsy had "the blues"
Last Sunday. Fancy that!
You could not guess nor choose
How Patsy had the blues.
'Twas but from the ooze
Of blackberries, rich and fat,
That Patsy had "the blues"
Last Sunday. Fancy that!!

R. E. C.



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Guess !

- GUESS who once fell into the lake in Regent's Park.
- GUESS how is Mary under Wood.
- GUESS who originated the expression "tearing calico."
- GUESS whose name suggests a likely deputy for Hallett when he is off duty.
- GUESS what has been named "the tea-tray."
- GUESS whether it is a lift or a "monte-plat."
- GUESS which 'mite inquired whether the Principal ever played at a Fortnightly.
- GUESS who "worked" so hard listening to operatic rehearsals (although in neither cast nor chorus) as to neglect all "other studies."
- GUESS who *was* known as the Cherub; who *is* rapidly growing out of the angelic age; and who number three will be.
- GUESS which sub-professor was recently assessed for income tax!
- GUESS who were the principals in a minor "Comedy of Errors."
- GUESS which sub-professor thinks promises are like pie-crusts—made to be broken! And whether the proof of this particular pudding was found in the eating.
- GUESS which of the students might be designated "The Curate," and why.
- GUESS whether a certain lady has not found that her idol has the proverbial feet of clay.
- GUESS who will go down to posterity as "Jemima Anne."





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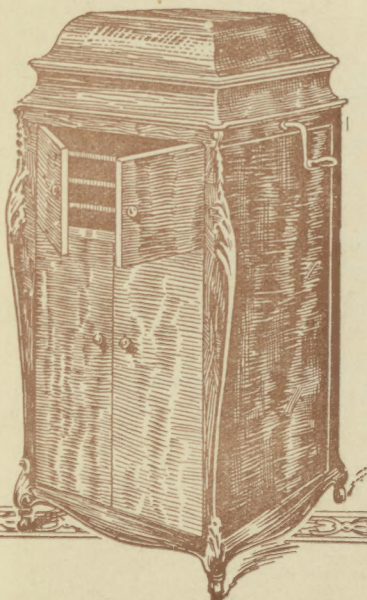
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(Signed) EDWARD ELGAR

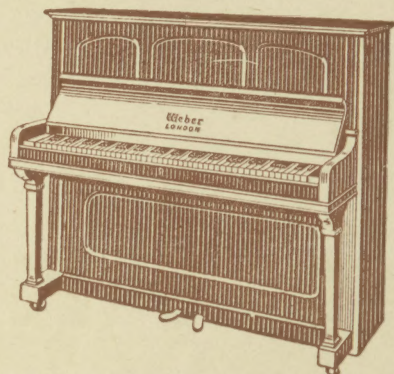
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